

THE FIELD IS THE WORLD

VOL. 12.

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# The Missionary Helper

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BY THE

FREE-BAPTIST

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

BOSTON.

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# The \*\* Missionary \*\* Helper.

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# The Missionary Helper.

*PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE*

FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

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VOL. XII.

JANUARY, 1889.

No. 1.

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"The mill will never grind with the water that has passed."

ANOTHER year's missionary work is completed, and we are rushing through the days of a new year without the power to stop old Time long enough to take our breath and get our bearings. But we cast some glances backward, and find that the year 1888 has closed with encouraging prospects for our mission field. The accession of Mr. and Mrs. Stiles and Mr. Brown to the missionary force will carry encouragement and hope to the weary workers across the water. The newly created interest among the young people of the denomination is not only an encouragement for the present, but a bright omen for the future. Our woman's work has kept on with its usual healthy growth. The step taken towards union in work is a wise one, and is of the character needed to test the value of future movements in the same direction.

Our home missionary work is making slow progress. We need a church building fund, and more enterprise in aiding able preachers to go West and sustain themselves.

Outside of our denomination, in the general missionary field, marked progress has been made. The interest in the evangelization of the world has deepened and broadened, the number of those pledged to missionary work has largely increased, and the impetus given by Missionary Conferences has

been widely felt. We hope that 1889 will find the mill ready to grind as the water passes.

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#### MAKE THE 1889 MEETINGS INTERESTING.

A GAIN we refer to the much-discussed question, "How shall we make our meetings interesting?" In the first place, make them profitable. The problem of loss and gain is not confined to business circles. It is equally important in the realms of moral and spiritual life. Time is the most valuable of our possessions. It is impossible to store it up. It must be used as it comes to us. It is not strange that women, who in this age as never before are waking up to the possibilities of their lives, hesitate to give an afternoon, even once a month, unless they feel that, as a result of their use of the time, there is a resultant gain to themselves or to the world. Such women will not persevere in their attendance at meetings which are held simply because the time for them has come, and which are ended with a feeling of relief that one more duty is done.

In this age there is no necessity for such a state of things. Planning and energy will prevent it. We advise every Auxiliary to pursue a *course of reading* during the year 1889. Do you say you are poor, and can not get the books? Try this plan. Take a collection of a penny or more per member at each meeting, and invest it in books, or if you do not want to wait so long for the first book, devise some plan which your womanly ingenuity can suggest, to get a little sum to begin with, in order to buy one book; then trust to the collection to supply for the future.

We print in this issue the reply of the *Missionary Review* to a request of our Hattie P. Phillips. The reading of that will help Auxiliaries to select such books as are desirable for the purpose. It would not be a bad plan to invite ladies young or old, who are not members of the Auxiliary, but whom you

know to be good readers, to meet with you and read. It might interest them in the work.

After reading the book it would be useful to have some one prepare a digest of it or, if that is too much work, read extracts from it at the monthly concert. Then the book can be made a part of a *loan library* to be owned by the Auxiliary, to be placed in charge of some person who will be responsible for lending and keeping track of it; or it can be presented to the Sabbath-school library.

Any Auxiliary that will start this year with some such plan, in addition to using the "Helps" in the HELPER, will have interesting meetings, aid in making the monthly concerts interesting, and, by encouraging people to read interesting things about missions, awaken a deeper interest in the community in the work. Try it.

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#### WHAT TO READ.

"REV. A. T. PIERSON, D. D.:—I have recently become a reader of your most excellent *Review*, and it has increased my appetite for such reading. The object of my writing now is to ask if you will kindly take the trouble to name in the *Review* what you regard as the five most valuable books of missionary biography, and five others, most valuable, of the history of mission work.

"I dare say that you will find it difficult to choose from a mass of material that is so rich, and the request I make might be rather unreasonable for one within reach of public libraries. But in a far-off station, shut up to one's own library, with money for buying and time for reading both very limited, it becomes a question of no little importance how the limited time and money can be best invested. In doing this, I dare say you will confer a favor on many others situated like myself in heathen lands.

HARRIET P. PHILLIPS."

To answer such an inquiry is not so easy as to propose it. The field of missionary biography is fertile and luxuriant in the amplitude and magnificence of its products. Nowhere in the wide range of literature is there to be found combined so much

of the romantic and the real, the highest attainment in character and the highest achievement in practical life and work. We venture to name five biographies of surpassing interest, without attempting to accord to them such supreme excellence over all others, viz.: "Life of Adoniram Judson," recently edited by his son; "Fidelia Fiske," by Rev. William Guest; "David Brainerd," new edition, recently edited by my colleague, Dr. Sherwood; "Seedtime in Kashmir," a memoir of W. Jackson Elmslie, M. D., by Dr. Burns Thomson; and the wonderful story of William A. B. Johnson in Sierra Leone, now out of print. But it must be remembered that we have made no mention of the life of Robert Moffat, of William C. Burns, of Dr. Goodell, of Dr. Duff; of the story of William Duncan in British Columbia, the missionaries in the Fiji Islands, the work in Madagascar, nor of John Williams in the South Seas, and a host of others. We have taken five almost at random, because they happen to have possessed peculiar charm for us, and are representative of work done by godly and educated men, refined women, medical missions, and the uneducated, consecrated mechanic.

As to the histories of mission work, it is hard to separate it from biography, but we venture to give five more books which cover wider territory, viz.: "Ten Years on the Euphrates," by Wheeler; "Among the Turks," by Hamlin; "A Century of Christian Progress," by Rev. Jas. Johnston; Warneck's "History of Christian Missions," edited by Dr. Smith; and the Ely volume. But here, again, we have not even mentioned Goodell's "Forty Years in the Turkish Empire," both a biography and a history; "Medical Missions," by Dr. John Lowe; "Our Indian Mission Field," by Miss Rainy; "Foreign Missions," by Dr. Anderson; Christlieb's noble little book on the same topic; "Siam," by M. L. Cort; "The Cross and Dragon," by B. C. Henry; "The Handbook of Foreign Missions," by the London Religious Tract Society; or Dr. Thompson's grand book on "Moravian Missions."

There are five other books we advise every man and woman to read, each in its way unsurpassed, as bearing on missions in general, seeking and saving the lost, viz. : first and foremost, Hodder's "Life of the Earl of Shaftesbury;" then, the "Life of Jerry McAuley," published and widely scattered by the New York *Observer*; Belcher's biography of Whitefield; "Memoir of Mary Lyon;" and the "Life of William E. Dodge." But we are conscious that in naming these we are possibly passing by others equally deserving of this honorable mention.—*Missionary Review*.

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#### OUR LITERATURE FUND.

THE first money given to the Literature Fund was received in the early part of March, 1886.

One object of this fund is to keep all Auxiliaries, all Yearly and Quarterly Meetings, supplied with Constitutions and with blanks for reporting to the various secretaries. As applied for, these sheets are sent by mail free of charge. Occasionally an applicant sends stamps to pay postage on the returned package. In case the amount sent exceeds the postage the balance is applied to the fund. Should the amount be insufficient to cover the postage, it is nevertheless very acceptable because the fund is increased by every stamp sent.

In addition to the articles already mentioned, the Literature Fund prints the *Manual*, Dialogues, Recitations, and sheet Music, all of which are for sale at a few pennies per copy. The receipts from this source *replenish* the fund, but whether they alone can *sustain* it is a question. During the first few months' existence of the fund, dimes, quarters, halves, and occasional dollars were received from individuals, Yearly and Quarterly Meetings; during the last few months, with one or two exceptions, the receipts have been entirely from the sale of leaflets, as the following figures will show.

Donations to fund during the first six months amounted to \$29.13; receipts from sale of leaflets during that time, 3 cents.



Donations to fund during next twelve months amounted to \$21.35; receipts from sale of leaflets during the same time, \$6.62. Donations to fund during the last twelve months amounted to \$1.96; receipts from sale of leaflets during the same time, \$19.65.

As the value of the *Manual*, Constitutions, Blanks, Dialogues, Readings, and Music is appreciated; in the same proportion will money be given to support the fund which supplies these articles. We can not afford to do without the fund. Shall not the coming mails bring small contributions from a great many? A penny from each one who is interested, as a Christmas present to our Literature Fund? Address Mrs. I. E. G. Meader, 14 White St., Pawtucket, R. I.

[Is there an Auxiliary that could not send a donation to this fund of one penny per member?—ED.]

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### ALL THE WORLD.

BY MRS. M. A. W. BACHELDER.

IN the United States there is one minister to about every eight hundred persons. Counting lay preachers and Sunday-school teachers, there is one Christian worker to every forty-eight persons. In the foreign field there is one to every 31,322. So there is a disproportion of home workers to foreign of 650 to one.

China has only one ordained missionary to 1,000,000 people. India, with five times the population of the United States, has but 700 ordained missionaries. Stanley, eleven years ago, traveled seven thousand miles seeing no man who had ever heard the Gospel. Yet Christians talk of "heathen enough at home," and object many times to sparing the best men for the foreign field. They forget that "the field is the world," and that "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature" is Christ's own command. There is no doubt about the results of following such command, nor need any one be discouraged by the largeness of the field. "Ask of me, and I

will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance," has many times been fulfilled to earnest Christian spirits. Robert Moffat went to Africa in 1817, and in fifty wonderful years translated the whole Bible into the Bechuana tongue, beside leading the way for other missionaries. Dr. Clough baptized ten thousand in less than two months among the Telugus. Royal G. Wilder in thirty years preached in 3,000 villages, scattered three million pages of tracts, and gathered 3,300 boys and girls into Christian schools. Robert Morrison was first Protestant missionary to China in 1807. Yet it was practically closed to missionary work until 1860, and now there is a Christian population of 50,000. The islands of the Pacific have been wonderfully blest. In the Sandwich Islands 12,000 were baptized by one missionary during a term of forty-five years. Many, once savages and cannibals, have become Christians. No better example of what God will do through the labors of devoted followers can be found than in our own "Missionary Reminiscences." The entrance into work of the first missionaries was very different from that of the later ones. In 1835, Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. Noyes sat two dreary nights in a boat, in an uncivilized country where "the wild beasts had their lairs on either side;" waiting for their husbands who had gone to seek aid, and not knowing as they should ever see them again. In 1837, Mr. Phillips committed the form of his wife to its last resting-place with his own hands. "Distresses came when no kind brother or sister could be near to speak a word of consolation, and assist in performing the last duties to the dead." Compare this with a private letter from Miss Coombs describing the hearty greetings and many arrangements for her comfort which awaited her, and the early visit to the flower-covered grave of Mrs. Lawrence. Many souls, too, have been saved; many children gathered into schools, much seed sowing done, the results of which can not be estimated. One writer says: "The history of modern missions is a history of modern miracles—manifest workings of divine powers as convincing in their

way and as peculiarly adapted to the present age as any miracles wrought in the days of the apostles." These things seem indeed like miracles, and these are the kind of lives Christ asks of this age,—the kind of miracle he grants to it, for he has said, "Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you : and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

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### OUR WORK IN THE WEST.

BY M. J. REEVES.

OUR Western mission workers who understand something of the pressing needs of the work, both Home and Foreign, will rejoice with us that advance steps have been taken to put new impetus into the work. We desire to become better acquainted with each other, that we may the better plan and be more thoroughly permeated with a love for and knowledge of the work, that we may be better able to execute our plans. And now, dear sisters of the Western Association, let us arise to meet the demands of the hour, and carefully, prayerfully step into the ranks of God's tried ones. Clear-headed workers with executive ability and a patient spirit are the need of our time. Have you a desire to be helpful? Have you an earnest, intense longing to be of use in the Master's vineyard? Have you a loving, cheerful service to give? Then you are wanted. The Master has need of thee. You have seen by the *Free Baptist* and *Morning Star* what steps were taken at the Western Association. Workers are to be sent throughout the Western States to meet with the churches and Q. M's for more thorough organization and equipment of Auxiliaries for greater efficiency, and now we ask your sympathy and co-operation. We believe that our workers everywhere will welcome gladly those who are sent to them. We hope for great things because we feel that God is in this movement. And so we appeal to you, to show what there is in you, to show what stuff you are made of. We be-



lieve that all that is needed is for our Western ladies to step to the front, and with loving hearts and firm hands to hold aloft our motto, "All the world for Jesus," as they march on before a perishing world. Then there will be such a baptism of grace, wisdom, and strength given as shall abundantly prepare us for the work before us. May the Divine Spirit lead us to reconsecrate all our powers to this blessed work, and then we shall truly live. When we remember that only one in seventy-five are yet converted, let us each say, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" And as we hear the wondrous reply come ringing down the ages, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," let us arise to the privilege before us, and go forth more than conquerors through Him who hath loved us.

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#### A REMARKABLE INDIAN WOMAN.

**I**NSHTA THEAMBA, or Bright Eyes, is a remarkable woman. She is the daughter of Inshta Muzze—Iron Eye—the head chief of the Omahas, who was the first man of his tribe to become a Christian. From the time of his conversion this chief used all his energies to secure an education for his children. He sent Bright Eyes to the mission school, where she only acquired the merest rudiments of an education, for after a while the school was closed by the government agent of these Indians.

Miss Read, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, the principal of a ladies' boarding-school, on learning of the ardent desire of Bright Eyes for an education, wrote to her father, offering to take her and educate her. The generous offer was gladly accepted. In two years this Indian girl took the first prize in English composition, in a competition where the daughters of wealthy and well-educated Americans were her competitors. She also became a Christian, and desired above all things to labor for the education and Christianization of her people.

She applied to the authorities at Washington for an appointment as teacher in one of the two government day schools for

the Omahas, and after long delay and several rebuffs she succeeded in being appointed, but was given only twenty-five dollars a month. Besides her duties as teacher of the day school, she organized a Sunday-school, and out of her meager salary saved enough money to buy a few singing-books and a small cabinet organ. The children of the tribe flocked to the Sunday-school, many more than could crowd into the room. Bright Eyes was superintendent, teacher, chorister, janitor, and all other things combined.

Whilst thus engaged, a great wrong was perpetrated by the government upon the Indians, and suit was brought in the High Court of Omaha for a redress of the wrong. Bright Eyes was sent for to act as interpreter. She acquitted herself so well, and made such a favorable impression that Mr. Joseph Cook of Boston and other prominent men urgently requested her to go to the Eastern cities and make known the wrongs and the needs of her people. Being naturally timid and retiring, she shrank from this, and it took weeks of constant pressure, in which many Christian ministers joined, to induce her to do this.

Upon going to Boston, Bright Eyes attracted the attention and won the praise of the leading writers and thinkers of that city. When her addresses were printed in the public journals, many said that it was impossible that an Indian girl could write such things. A committee of the leading citizens of Boston, of which the governor of the State and Mr. Joseph Cook were members, was appointed to request Bright Eyes to write a new lecture in their presence. This she did, Mr. Cook taking up the sheets one by one as she wrote them, and he made a public statement of this fact.

While Bright Eyes was teaching in the government school the instructed her younger brothers and sisters. Her youngest sister has very recently taken the highest honors at an Eastern college, and was presented with a fifty-dollar gold medal by one of the leading members of Congress, as a token of his appreciation of her proficiency.—*Spirit of Missions*.

## HOME INVESTMENTS.

IN *The Church at Home and Abroad* we find a pleasing illustration of systematic benevolence. The mother proposed in a family council that each one should invest a shilling for the Lord.

"Capital!" was the father's response.

"Glorious!" shouted Fred.

"Goody, goody!" exclaimed Jennie.

"I want shilling, too," said little Grace, only six years old.

Ralph, eight years old, also joined the company; so they started with six shillings. The father, being a book-seller, invested his shilling in that business; the mother bought six pennyworth of paper, and wrote a story; she invested the rest in yeast to sell to her friends. Fred went into partnership with a kind old gentleman who made blue. One day he broke a bottle of it, and ruined his sister's dress. Fred was too honorable to do any less than buy a new dress. This cost within three halfpence of the sum to which the business in blue had increased his amount. But he sold the remaining bottles, and soon had over fifteen shillings for his contribution.

Jennie spent her shilling in Saxony yarn, and crocheted edging for a skirt, for which she received four shillings. This she invested in the same way, and increased it to sixteen shillings.

Ralph invested in eggs for a sitting hen that he already owned. She was stolen, and Ralph was insolvent. The next day he weeded a neighbor's garden, and earned some money to start on again. This time he went into the newspaper business; every evening found him on his route, and twelve shillings was the result.

Grace made her father a shaving-paper case, for which he paid her two shillings.

At the end of the stated time the "Home Investment Company" reported as follows: father, thirty-one shillings and sixpence; mother, twenty-eight shillings; Fred, fifteen shillings; Jennie, sixteen shillings; Ralph, twelve shillings; Grace, two

shillings; total, five pounds, four shillings, and sixpence.

Some such a plan is within reach of every family, and might teach the children not only business enterprise, but the blessedness of giving from their own store. Perhaps some of our little ones will ask father and mother to let them try it.

---

### OLD AND NEW.

BY HOPESTILL FARNHAM.

“O HEART!” she said, in the dying year,  
 “Moons wax and wane, and the round earth swings  
 Now in the shadow and now in the sun,  
 The day is gone ere it seems begun;  
 The flowers are followed fast by snow,  
 My roses blight ere they ever blow;  
 There are birth and laughter and death and tears,  
 Together they rule the speeding years,  
 Little the joy that a new year brings,—  
 What does it matter to thee and me?”

Unto her soul God's silence spake:—  
 “The year is fashioned by thine own will.  
 Rest in the shadow, grow in the sun,  
 The sun and moon of the soul are one,  
 For the same Love shines by day and night;  
 Thy roses, if watered, will never blight;  
 And birth is only a fleeting breath,  
 But large is the life that follows death.  
 Uplift thy sorrow,—thy joy fulfill,  
 It matters much to the world and thee.”

“O heart,” she said, in the new-born year,  
 “Be glad, O heart! for life made sweet,  
 For joy that was eager to make thee know  
 A way to lighten another's woe;  
 For pain that was swift to make thee guess  
 And dare to comfort a soul's distress.  
 Thou knowest that rich the year must be,  
 Since other hearts have need of thee.  
 Only in service is life complete,—  
 How much it matters to thee and me!”

## FROM THE FIELD.

## PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN CYCLONES.

BY LIBBIE C. GRIFFIN.

*(Concluded.)*

MAY 25, 1887, was the date of our Balasore cyclone. The day had been wild and stormy, but, as we had received no copy of a telegram predicting a cyclone, we were not anxious. Balasore being a sea-port town, telegrams are sent to warn ships when cyclones are expected on the bay. We learned afterward that such a telegram came, but through an oversight we did not see it. But the night came on black and foreboding, and the natives said, "This is a cyclone," so extra precautions were taken in bolting and barring the doors. By ten o'clock the rain came down in torrents, and the roar was terrific. We made a bed down-stairs for the little ones, and brought them down, they sleeping sweetly, and all unconscious of danger.

Our night was spent in anxious wakefulness. By the vivid flashes of lightning we could see through the blinds on the sheltered side of the house that the trees were being twisted and broken by the wind, or torn up altogether. From our house, usually in gales of wind, we can hear the roar of the grand old ocean, as it dashes itself madly on our coast; but that night its voice was lost in the wail and tumult of the mighty wind, and the pouring rain, and the reverberating, deafening peals of thunder.

Nor were we idle through the long hours of the night. The rain, finding cracks in our brick house unknown before, and beating in around the doors above and below, was getting nearly everything wet. Besides, bars were bending, and the doors must be made more secure. One would not keep shut, but burst open several times, and was with difficulty at last made sure. The first rays of morning light showed us that the orphan

boys' house and other buildings in sight were more or less unroofed, but the walls were standing. But where were the boys? The wind of cyclones comes in waves like the incoming waters of the tidal sea, and it seems to roll on and on, gathering itself now and again for a mighty, irresistible sweep. One of these burst over us while we were yet looking, and down went much of what was left when daylight came. The verandas of our school-house fell, and the boys who had taken refuge there rushed out to us dripping, and shaking from cold and fear.

During the forenoon the wind died away, but the rain continued. No lives were lost in Balasore, but buildings were greatly injured; and as roofs had just been mended or newly-thatched, and straw was very dear, with not enough to be had for all, the outlook, with the rainy season just at hand, was sad indeed for the many poor.

The beautiful flowers and shrubs we had been years in getting were a wreck, our vegetable garden destroyed, our plantain orchard laid low, and our grand old fruit and shade trees more or less destroyed. Everywhere was confusion, and here, where work moves so slowly, it must take months to set things right again. Then we knew, too, that Santipore and Jellasore must have suffered, and Mr. Griffin must hasten there to look after mission buildings, and see how his people there had fared. We tried to banish every thought of discouragement, and sent men as soon as possible to the houses of the other missionaries with word that all were alive at the Griffin's house, and such and such losses had been sustained, and we were anxious to hear from the rest. The experiences of all were much the same. Bessie Boyer, then a few days old, had resented so much confusion, it seemed, and lifted up her little voice in protest, but to no avail. Their rooms were flooded with water, but no real harm came to them.

But the sea, the cruel, pitiless sea, took sad revenge that night. Several ships and frailer barks went down, and one, the Chandbali steamer, *John Lawrence*, had eight hundred pas-



sengers on board; and not one escaped to tell the tale. When that steamship left Calcutta, the danger signals were flying, and ships lay anchored in the harbor, waiting for the storm; but Captain Irving sailed straight by them all, out upon the raging sea, and on to certain death. He must have seen and understood the warning; but he was not afraid, not he, and the *John Lawrence* would not wait. How often since that night I have thought of the fearful responsibility of that reckless captain, and of those other men who, on the rough sea of life, are fully warned and know the place of refuge, and yet go recklessly, doggedly on and on to endless destruction. They, too, die, and not alone, for some have trusted them.

There is one other personal experience in a storm that I want to record, that I may tell of my life-long gratitude to one humble, thoughtful man. I was on the Mediterranean Sea, in the steamship *Duke of Southerland*, on my return from India, in 1876. I was very ill, an intense sufferer, and too weak to stand or raise myself from my pillow. One still night, kept awake by pain, I heard the mate on watch shout excitedly, "Captain," and the next instant the captain bounded from his berth, and gave the quick, sharp command, "All hands on deck." There was a rush of feet, a confusion of orders and protests and oaths; but I understood enough to know that men were refusing to go up the masts and reef the sails, until the mate went ahead, and called for followers. Then came a crash, the great ship seemed to me to stop and reel, and tremble in every part. Every passenger rushed on deck, and there were startled cries, mixed with the sudden roaring of the wind.

With strength gathered from fright, I rose up in bed, but sank down again, and sat with my face buried in my hands, thinking we had run aground, believing that death was near, hoping if boats were lowered that some one would remember the sick girl below, and thinking of loved ones in the home land, and that loved One in the other home, who never forgets one, when a kind voice near me spoke in nearly these words: "Don't be

afraid, miss ; no harm will come to you. A quick gale struck the ship before the sails could be reefed, and nearly stopped her, and turned her about a bit ; but she'll be all right soon, and no harm will come to anybody, unless it be the poor fellows at the sails. There, lie down now, and let me bring you something to take, for you must have been sadly frightened here alone." I assured him that I was all right now, and tried to thank him for thinking to come and tell me, but he was gone. It was the head steward. I do not know his name, but it is written in God's book with the long list of unknown, humble ones who do not forget to do good to the helpless and the stranger.

*Sept. 29, 1888.*

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EXTRACT FROM PRIVATE LETTER BY MISS LAVINA  
C. COOMBS.

*Benares, Oct. 8, 1888.*

MY DEAR BROTHER :— You see by the date of this that I am far away from home, — more than four hundred miles. I think that you must have heard enough of Indian cities to know that this holds a very prominent place among them. It is called the "Sacred City of the Hindus," and thousands are continually making pilgrimages to it. Their belief is that a person in Benares is sure to go to heaven, and many old people are brought here to die. It is on the banks of the Ganges, their holy river, and the city extends to the very banks of the river. Dwelling-houses, temples, shrines, are packed closely together, with tiny, narrow streets between, — so narrow that sometimes balconies are built across from one house to another, and no carriage can pass along there. It has been a constant wonder to me how people could live there during the hot, close season, when we think we have a hard time to breathe out in a broad, open compound. Doubtless the death roll is high, but it can't have the same sorrow or solemnity about it that it would among us, or even in some other places ; for to die in Benares is a sought-for blessing.



Now I suppose you want to know how it happens I am here. It is the time of the national holiday, a great religious festival all over the country, when work is stopped generally, and people go for their vacations. For two or three especial days there are great rites and ceremonies to be performed with their idols, but the holidays extend over two weeks. The Methodists have had for many years a sort of camp-meeting at Lucknow, during this holiday, at which many missionaries gather, and the avowed purpose of which is to become more fully consecrated to Christian work and to become endued with power from the Holy Ghost. Mr. Coldren has been to these meetings several times, and has been greatly blessed, and has been urging us to attend them this year. So Miss Butts and I, with Sachi, — a native preacher of ours, — and Mr. and Mrs. Coldren make up our party.

We left Calcutta Wednesday night, Oct. 3, and got into Benares Thursday afternoon, Oct. 4. Mr. and Mrs. Coldren are the guests of Dr. Lazarus, and we are the guests of his son-in-law, Mr. Price, the Baptist missionary here.

*Lucknow, Oct. 12.*

We are in the midst of the meetings, and I can't find much time to write. We got in here Tuesday morning, Oct. 9, about 2 A. M., and made ourselves as comfortable as possible in the waiting-rooms at the depot, till morning, and then drove to one of the houses of the Methodist mission, where we were told where we had been assigned. Miss Butts and I are in a house close to the church, where we can run in and out any minute. The meetings are held at seven in the morning till about half-past nine; a children's meeting at eleven; meeting for holiness and consecration at twelve; and one at three in the native language of the natives; and again at six, more especially for the unconverted. I am getting warmed up and melted, and am coming into the current. I have felt the need of contact with warm souls for some months, and I am conscious that this is doing me good.

*Midnapore, Oct. 22.*

Here I am back again in the midst of cares and perplexities, but with the assurance that One mighty to help is with me, and is planning for me.

Now, I'll go back to Benares. We were royally entertained by Dr. Lazarus and his son-in-law, and enjoyed our stay with them quite as much as the sight-seeing we attempted. Dr. Lazarus was formerly a Jew, but is now a very sweet-spirited Christian ; and his wife one who delights to entertain the " Lord's people." He is not a missionary, as we use the term, and yet, as a thorough Christian business man, I suspect he is doing good missionary work. He has a large dispensary, quite a large printing-office, and is also manager of a native rajah's estate, so you can well imagine he is not idle. I didn't learn how our people came to know him at first, but it seems there has been an acquaintance for some years. One morning we went out in a boat up and down the river for a short distance past the bathing-places of the natives, and saw crowds of them at their devotions, and then, leaving the boat, went up among the temples and worshipers there. In one place we saw several going round and round a tree (considered a holy tree), and at each round throwing water on a certain spot. Near there was a priest reading from their Scriptures to quite a large company of very attentive women, and farther on we came to what is called the Golden Temple and the Well of Knowledge. There were many smaller temples all about this, and the place was full of devotees bringing their offerings, and receiving for a pice or so some of the water from the wonderful well. There is a railing around this well, and a cloth stretched over the mouth of it to receive the offerings of rice, flowers, and pice that are constantly being thrown in ; but in spite of this, much of it falls into the water and putrefies. The glimpse I got of the water showed simply a thick, dirty scum, and the odor was anything but pleasant. When it gets too bad the Government asserts its authority, and cleans it out. As we were going about among these scenes, Sachi burst out with, " Oh, for a St. Paul to come and stand

right in the midst of them, and preach the Gospel." He said he never realized before that there was so much idolatry in his country. We went to the top of one of the minarets of a Mohammedan mosque, where we could look all over the city and for miles around the surrounding country. One afternoon, Mrs. Coldren and I, with some of the young ladies, went to visit some old ruins said to have been built five or six hundred years before Christ. There are two towers, one of them very interesting because of the carvings around the lower half. Many of these stones have fallen off, and the whole thing shows signs of great age. It is said to have been built by the followers of Buddha for the purposes of worship. I got a bit of stone with a part of a hand carved on it as a souvenir. Those two half-days were all we spent in sight-seeing at Benares, and we had only one-half day at Lucknow before the meetings began, so we didn't get about very much there. We visited the ruins of the house and grounds where, in the time of the meeting in 1857, six hundred Europeans (men, women, and children) were besieged for three months. The walls are covered with bullet marks, and here and there a big hole shows where a cannon-ball went crashing through. We were shown the cellars where the women stayed for safety. There is a monument in the place in memory of those who fell during the siege, and tablets here and there, marking special spots. It seemed like a story of something years and years ago; but when I thought of the date, I remembered it was only a little before our own Civil War.

We went that afternoon, also, to two old Mohammedan tombs, though they seemed more like palaces than tombs, with their extensive grounds, well-kept, beautiful gardens, and winding walks; and the interior of the building dazzling with its marble floors, its wealth of chandeliers, and various adornments. A Mr. Aitken took us around to these places in Lucknow. He visited our mission last June (I think it was), went to all our stations, and then wrote it up. He is a newspaper man, and at

the same time a Christian. . . . We got home safely Saturday morning, and to-day work has begun again. So you see I have had a grand outing with a succession of interesting adventures, and have come home in good spirits to take up the work to be done. Mr. and Mrs. Griffin and their children are having their vacation at Mainital among the hills, about a day's journey north of Lucknow. They came down to the meetings, so we had quite a Free Baptist Conference in the midst of the Methodist camp-meeting. They urged me hard to go back with them and stay a couple of weeks, but I couldn't believe 'twas my duty. I'm afraid if I should get ill this coming year I shouldn't get much sympathy, for others seemed to think I ought to go, and I don't know but they thought I was foolishly stubborn, but "my mind didn't pull that way."

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#### CLAY SOIL AND ITS USES.

THE geological characteristics of any locality modify to a large extent the customs of its inhabitants. If one who had never been in this part of India were told that the formation of a large territory was mostly of clay, he would yet fail to see the many advantages that come to the natives in consequence of it. In a short letter a few of them will be enumerated. Just here in Midnapore, and for some thirty to sixty miles in various directions, there is a more or less deep stratum of rock below the outer surface of clay, but that does not affect it, any more than to make it of an impure kind. There are many places where clay good enough for all practical purposes can be got for the digging. A successful brick-yard may be established in almost any quarter, but the want of fuel renders their manufacture less extensive than it would be otherwise. There is a kind of sun-dried brick that is very common and very cheap. For some reason or other these bricks are of a very inferior quality, and, compared with the prices of these articles in different parts of America, are very cheap. The houses of the wealthier natives, as well as those of the missionaries, are built of them.

When they are properly laid, with good lime, and the whole outside covered with good cement, they make very comfortable and permanent dwellings. But as cheap as are sun-dried and kiln-dried bricks, the majority of the Hindu population are not able to build their houses with them. Their homes are made of far cheaper materials. Bamboo trees are very plentiful, and there is no government restriction against cutting them, as there is in regard to all other trees. Any morning if a person goes to the bazar, he will see the laboring class of people tottering under their heavy loads of bamboo poles, which are tied together in bunches of two, three, and four, and carried about on the head, for sale. These are used in making the frame-work of a house of the lower class.

A spot is selected where there is known to be a good bed of mud, and there the work of building is commenced by bringing lots of water in vessels, and pouring it on the clay. Others with bare legs stir it into the proper consistence by wading around in it. Then it is gathered up in balls about the size of a man's head, and forcibly thrown down in the exact spot where it is wanted. In this way the walls of the proposed house are built up, till they reach the proper height, which varies from four to ten feet, and they will also be from two to four feet thick. Enough of the bamboo poles for the support of the roof are stuck into the walls as they proceed. When the skeleton of the roof is ready, the rice straw serves for the covering. It is generally bought in the autumn, just after the threshing of the rice, for then it is the cheapest. It is tied into little bundles as large as your wrist, and these bundles are laid successively on the rafters, and firmly tied. This kind of roof, when completed, is about four inches thick, and will turn the rain for a year, after which it must be renewed.

A soil of clay is favorable for the production of many kinds of fruit and vegetables, and in it the rice flourishes. It would be a curiosity for Americans to see the manner in which this staple article of food for Hindus is raised. First the ground



must be made smooth and level, for during a large part of the time it must be covered with water, as in this element rice grows luxuriantly, but grass and weeds languish and die. Much as they make the walls of the houses, they build an embankment of mud all around their lot of rice-growing land, raising it from one to six feet. This is to keep the water which falls during the rains from flowing away. Sometimes the fields thus inclosed will be no more than a few yards square, and sometimes they contain as much as an acre. All the fields are contiguous for miles in length, and these embankments are trodden hard and smooth on the top by the people who have to go to distant parts to work their fields. Nobody ever mistakes, — every one knows his own field.

But for the soil of clay, there would be no rice fields, nor embankments around them. The Hindus also use the mud for making cheap zenana walls. But they have to be shielded from the rains, else they would soon be washed down. Therefore it is that when one sees a wall of any kind made of mud, there is always a roof of thatch over it. All the useful vessels that go to make up the cooking necessities are made of this mud. No one will see an earthen pot of any kind that has been turned, as the civilized manner of making earthen is, they are molded into shape with the hands, and a small wooden shovel is used in the ultimate process for making the vessel smooth and round. Many potteries are in the city of Midnapore, and the trade is so well represented by workmen that their products are very cheap. A stranger who is traveling from one place to another, be he never so poor, is generally able to buy a new pot for cooking whenever it is necessary for him to eat. The trouble of carrying a pot from place to place is thus avoided, and when the meal is finished, they generally throw the vessel in which it was cooked away, for it costs no more than a cent. But there are a variety of disadvantages resulting from this soil of clay. Only one will be mentioned. During the rains, when there is usually a shower nearly every day, those country districts which

are not supplied with manufactured roads by the government find great inconvenience in traveling. The muddy roads of India are simply disheartening to those who have to use them. Our earlier missionaries were frequently obliged to travel long distances by them, because there were no modern roads in those days. Some of them tell of going as far as seventy miles in a single continuous journey at an average rate of two miles per hour. They say that to see the cart wheels nearly or quite up to the hubs in the mud was not uncommon. B.

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## HELPS FOR MONTHLY MEETINGS.

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[Answers to be found in articles in this HELPER.]

WHAT is the disproportion between home and foreign workers?

What must He think of this who said, "Go ye into *all* the world"?

How far did Stanley travel without seeing a man who knew Christ?

What experience did Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. Noyes have?

What sad duty came to Mr. Phillips?

How was Miss Coombs received in India?

What made the difference in those receptions?

Can we do anything to make things still better?

Describe a cyclone in India.

Give the uses of clay in our mission field.

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MR. JOSEPH COOK says if Christians would give one dollar to the heathen as often as they spend five dollars for their own churches, we could send one preacher to every fifty thousand people on earth; and then in less than fifty years everybody in the world would hear the good news that Jesus Christ came to save sinners.

## HOME DEPARTMENT.

## THE NEW YEAR.

BY HOPE.

WE trust the readers of the Home Department of the HELPER part reluctantly with the old year, because it is dear with the memory of experiences which make us truer and happier than we were when it commenced.

As we welcome the new year, we do it with the prayer in our heart that all of us are taking up its duties joyfully, because Christ is in them; courageously, because in him there is no failure; restfully, because he giveth rest; and contentedly, because we know he supplieth all our need; and unselfishly, because self is lost in loving.

Do we begin the year in trouble? We trust it will end in joy. Do we begin it in a spirit of hurry and worry? We hope it will end in peace and rest. Are we not yet sure Christ is an *inward* possession? We dare to express the hope, as our New Year's greeting, that we shall *now* renew our purpose to be so true and loyal to God's will, as it is revealed in all things, small and great, that Christ will be forming within us the hope of glory, so that this year will be the happiest year we have ever lived.

Though we do not think it needful that "the field of the ideal should fade like a sunset cloud," yet let us bind it so closely to every-day living that we shall be humble and yet uplifted, be gentle and yet courageous, be serious and yet joyful, be tender and yet strong, be loving and yet true.

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THE answer to the Shaster is India; the answer to the Koran is Turkey; the answer to the Bible is the Christian civilization of Protestant Europe and America.—*Wendell Phillips*.



## LOYALTY.

BY FAITH.

IT is as high as farthest star,  
As lowly as the sod,  
To keep us true in little things,  
And lift us up to God.

—*Hopetill Farnham.*

MOSES—the Moses of wilderness fame—was a man loyal to his convictions. Obedience is the secret of his long and successful career. The most remarkable event in his life, the one which shaped his whole after-course, was when he chose “rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.” He made choice of the right, with all the privations and even disagreeable tasks, among a people uncongenial in many respects, which it involved, as opposed to inclination. It was a test hour, indeed, when he renounced Pharaoh’s court and became a wanderer, until “by Nebo’s lonely mountain” there was made for him the loveliest sepulcher man ever had, “for the angel of God upturned the sod.”

To all life comes, we suspect, these test hours,—hours when the “unseen forces” seem *almost* to compel us to make choice of the right, or, if we fail to meet “our hour of destiny” in the spirit of loyalty, to be overcome. Well for us is it, if at such times the forces are so evenly balanced that we can do no other way than say with all the powers of our being “*Thy will.*” And we grow stronger and truer and more helpful every time we are able to meet these tests in such a spirit.

But they have back of them a life, and, as another has said, “whether the soul will triumph or be overcome in the struggle must depend not only on its inherent nobility and courage, but on the education that previous years have focalized into character.” In short, the result of these *soul* struggles—for this is what they really are—depends upon our loyalty to every-day duties. No victory is a hap-hazard affair; if we conquer in the great, it is because we have been true in the little. If the forces

are evenly balanced in the great struggles, it is because in the every-day tasks we have ignored nothing; in the pleasant and unpleasant alike we have been faithful. The kingdom of God with its righteousness is just as real in what seem to be the homely, insignificant daily duties as in those which the world calls great. We need to learn over and over again that not only "the humblest man or woman can live splendidly," but the greatest man or woman is the one who has learned how to live humbly. These are they who, with Murillo's "white-winged angels in the convent kitchen," are able to say in all the hard and uncongenial tasks, "Blessed be Drudgery."

The world needs great men and women,—men and women who are simple and "true as truth," for only such are truly great,—but it will find them only among those who have been true when there was no one to applaud, have been faithful in tasks so small that others have passed them by unnoticed, have been loyal to their inmost souls when, to have been untrue, no one would have known but God and themselves.

Such, in quiet ways, unknown of men, perchance unknown as long as life shall last, are not only getting ready for the "well done," because they have been "faithful over a few things," but are even *now*, all unconsciously to themselves, "*the power behind the throne*" which is purifying, uplifting, and saving the world.

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#### HOW TO LIVE.

FIRST and absolutely, a person is not to try to do everything. He is to do that which he can do best, if no one else is doing it, and, as between two enterprises of equal necessity, he may choose that which is more agreeable to him. But he is not to take into consideration his likes and his dislikes, unless the necessity is equal in the two cases before him.

To begin with, then, let it never be forgotten that the family in which it has pleased God to place you is the place of activity for which he trained you. A man of much experience once

said to me that he had to consider not simply whether he were to accept a new part, but whether his old part were done with him. Now, one is never done with his part in the family. Even if he travel far, there is always an electric cord connecting him with pleasures or with duties there.

It is to center there, but it is not to be confined there. Charity, or love, begins at home, but it does not end at home. Our first question recurs then, Where and how shall a man's brotherly affection pass beyond his own household into the need of those brothers who are "of the same blood with him?" Let a man remember then, that what he does, in public spirit, is to be done from principle, and not from impulse. He does it because he ought, and not because a pathetic appeal has been made to him, and he finds the tears starting from his eyes. Let him make up his mind, in advance, how much money, how much time, how much thought, how much care, he ought to give to bearing his brother's burdens. Let him determine how he can concentrate this work, so as to save wear and tear, save steps, save time, and save money.

We shall do best what we are most fit for. But we have many other things to do, which we do not want to do. "Do the thing which you are afraid to do," is one of Mr. Carlyle's rules. Once done, you will find that you do not fear it so much again. Man or woman who thus selects lines of life finds out indeed, sooner or later, that he has done a thousand things more than he purposed. He planted, and God gave the increase.

It does not do for me to leave all my work of charity or public spirit to this or that well-knit organization, however wise may be its plans. The world wants not mine, but me, and, besides directing soldiers how to fight, I must throw myself somewhere into the battle. Personal presence moves the world, and only personal contact carries with it the promised gift of the majestic triumph of the Holy Spirit.

There remain the duties to the public in which one engages

as a member of an association. We expect that the same skill and diligence which build up a man's inventions or business, which he shows in the books he writes, the speeches he makes, in the cure of his patients, or in the care of his farm, shall be shown somewhere and somehow in the care of deaf or dumb or blind or hungry or naked, of the prisoner or of the stranger. The same rule applies here as in the personal kindness which one renders his neighbors in need. What we try to do, let that be well done.—*Extracts from "How to Live," by Edward Everett Hale, in Chautauquan.*

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## WORDS FROM HOME WORKERS.

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### MICHIGAN.

SINCE we can not successfully do all the work which is necessary to be done in our short business sessions at the Q. M., the W. M. S. of the Hillsdale Q. M. called a special meeting, which convened at Osseo, Dec. 5, 6, 1888.

With one exception the Auxiliaries were represented by delegates. The concert on the evening of the 5th was entertaining and instructive.

Papers assigned by committee on programme were read and discussed. The following are subjects of papers, and by whom prepared: "Ways and Means of Raising Mission Funds," by Miss L. P. Fifield; "How to Interest Those Who Read no Missionary Literature," by Mrs. A. J. Davis; "Mission Bands," by Mrs. Balcom; "How to Create Missionary Interest among the Young People," by Mrs. W. A. Myers; "The Advisability of Re-electing Officers," by Mrs. A. H. Whitaker; "Diverting Funds to Special Objects," by Mrs. M. A. W. Bachelder; "Mission Concerts," by Mrs. A. G. Baker.

The needs of a church within the radius of the Q. M. were brought before the society, and a vote was taken to do something for it. It was urged that we earnestly pray for this field.

*Voted*, That all work which is done for the home churches by their respective *Auxiliaries* shall be reported as *local work*; and that the secretary state that some churches have other societies for doing this work.

Previously, this work has been reported under *Special Fund*.

We also decided to try the plan of having each Auxiliary, as appointed by the chair, provide programme for Q. M. concert. Hillsdale Auxiliary is to prepare one for the January Q. M., to be held at Jackson.

*Voted*, To hold one special meeting each year, the time and place for holding the same to be decided at June Q. M.

We were glad to welcome to our Q. M. Society Mrs. J. T. Ward, who has but recently come among us.

MISS LIZZIE MOODY, *Sec.*

#### WISCONSIN.

I suppose your readers would occasionally like to hear what the sisters of Wisconsin are doing, although we are not officially connected with the Woman's Board.

We have Auxiliaries in a large majority of the churches, and also Q. M. societies in most of the Q. M.'s; and we also have a Y. M. organization, Mrs. Alice L. Hulce, president; Mrs. W. K. Jackson, secretary and treasurer. We join with the brothers in the support of Brother and Sister Coldren; and as everything seems to run smoothly with this union, and their salary can be more readily raised in this way, we have thought best to so continue.

The Johnstown church has a Woman's Society, that has been holding monthly concerts ever since the organization of our Woman's Missionary Society, and they are still interesting. One of our new missionaries, Rev. F. W. Brown, has just gone from the pastorate of this church, and our prayers go with him. There are many earnest workers here in Wisconsin who are laboring and praying for the prosperity of our missions, both home and foreign.

MRS. A. L. HULCE.

*Johnstown.*



### OUR CHAPEL DITCH.

BY MRS. JULIA P. BURKHOLDER.

WE have all heard many times about church debts, but who has ever heard of a church ditch? This is, however, just what we had here in Bhimpore. The great majority of houses in this country are built of mud, put up layer by layer, and allowed to dry. This earth must come from somewhere. The easiest way is to dig a hole near the place where the house is to be built.

Some years ago we built our mud chapel. We made it like the natives' houses, so that they could take care of it themselves. It took a large amount of earth to build the walls, the veranda all around the house, and fill the floor. When the chapel was finished, we had an immense, great, ugly ditch left. The heavy rains each year were washing in a good deal of loose soil, but still the hole was there. We wished very much to have it filled this year. The early rains had softened the earth so that it could be easily dug. The church fund must not be used for this work, so what was to be done? The matter was spoken of in church. A number of days had gone by, and nothing was said or done.

The Fourth of July was a holiday for our school. I spoke to three of our leading men about beginning the work at once. The men of the village were called together. They decided that nothing could be done during the rains, for all were busy in their rice fields. In my own mind I determined that it should be done. I found two men who were ready to take hold of the work. They said, "Suppose we take all the school



children we can get, and begin this afternoon. After we have once begun the work, we shall be more likely to get others to help." It was a happy thought.

When the work bell rang at two o'clock our bullock cart started with boys, hoes, crowbars, and baskets, for an old ruin not far from the chapel. In a few moments the old walls began to tumble. The company of children, big and little, boys and girls, were ready with their baskets to carry the earth to the cart. Those who had no baskets took each a clod on his head. Two men swung the large clods to a strong pole, and carried them on their shoulders. The most pleasing sight was to see the little ones, scarcely past their babyhood days, helping with their tiny hands. I noticed one little fellow just beginning his third year, with only the bottom of a small basket on his head, carrying a clod no larger than a man's fist. The most of the earth was taken to the carts (for now we had two) by the children, while the men and older boys broke down the walls and filled the baskets.

Several of the boys ran and brought an empty cart which we could fill and have ready for the bullocks. This belonged to one of the men who had said in the morning that the work could not be done now. This gave me courage, and I went at once to see him. After a few moments' talk with him he said, "I'll go to-morrow, and take my cart and bullocks." I returned to the company of workers, and told them the good news. During the next two days the work went on, for some sent men, others women, and two extra carts came to help.

There were a number of men who were ready to hinder us by making all kinds of objections, but we had begun and were not to be stopped. The one ruin was not going to be enough to fill the great ditch, so we went about to find others. Several persons gave us permission to break down old walls near their houses; then there were places which needed leveling, besides a great many bushes about, which would help to fill up.

Saturday came. There was school only for two hours and a

half. As soon as it was dismissed, we divided the whole school into several bands, and put them in charge of the teachers.

Some thirty or forty small bamboo baskets, made by the boys in the workshop, were put into the hands of the children, and away they ran with their teacher, to carry the earth from one of the old walls which had been given to us. The older boys with their hoes were digging and leveling a place from which the carts would take the earth. This morning we had nine carts at work. The smaller boys with their teacher were pulling up a large quantity of bushes, which they tied in bundles or loaded on to their little play carts, and ran with them to the ditch, until the perspiration rolled down their bodies. The day was perfect for such a job. Showers at night had softened the soil, and during the day it was cloudy and cool. All worked like busy bees until past eleven o'clock. In the afternoon, a good company were again at work. Now the children were obliged to walk quite a distance. It was an interesting sight to see the long line of women and children going back and forth with baskets of earth on their heads. The little ones of no more than three years of age were still carrying their mite offerings. Our Phillip, too, caught the fever. With his little cart he, too, helped. The great gaping hole was fast filling up. Until sundown all worked cheerfully. We then called all together at the chapel, and distributed a large quantity of parched rice, of which they are very fond. Quite a laugh was gotten up at the expense of a man who did not have on a cloth large enough to hold his parched rice. He hung his head, and ran home, soon returning with a good length of cloth wound round his waist. This ended the children's part of the work. The next week different members of the church went on with it. In a few days the unsightly ditch was filled and rounded up. The time we took for the work was the golden moment. If we had neglected to have begun then, we would have been obliged to wait until the rains closed, for almost ever since the rains have been very heavy.

Have you any big job to be done? Get the children interested, who, with their merry hearts, smiling faces, and willing hands, will soon finish it. Don't forget, however, that a few refreshments are most refreshing to both old and young. A beautiful peepul tree which my mother cared for, last year, has been planted where the old ditch was.

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#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

AMONG the books recently published that will be of interest to all persons who are studying Christian methods of work, "Woman's Medical Work in Foreign Lands," by Mrs. J. T. Gracey, published by the M. E. Woman's Missionary Society, Boston, Mass., is worthy of especial notice. It gives the history and beneficent results of medical work in connection with the Methodist Woman's Society, and plainly shows the wisdom of giving to a part of our missionaries medical educations. . . . The wide-spread interest with which the meager reports of the Centenary Missionary Conference in London were read will make a demand for the complete published report.

The following is from the circular of the committee in London:—

"The extent, variety, and quality of the papers and speeches have no parallel in similar publications. The reports of the twenty-two private conferences are full of the most suggestive matter for all who take an interest in the *methods* and internal *management* of missions. The meetings of open Conference afford a most important *practical* contribution to the knowledge of "Comparative Religions," and of questions indirectly bearing on missions. The twenty-four meetings on the different fields of missionary operations in all parts of the world have the advantage of being almost wholly the testimony of personal witnesses, who could speak of what they had seen and heard; and the public meetings were addressed by many of the ablest advocates of missions in Europe and America. There is also much that is of interest, in the way of illustration and incident, to the preacher and Sabbath-school teacher.

"In preparing the report for publication, the greatest care has been taken, while doing full justice to speakers and writers of papers, to make it of real interest and value *to the reader*. All irrelevant matter and repetition, inevitable where a number of such meetings on the same subject, and many of them at the same time, have been excluded."

Dr. A. T. Pierson says of it:—

"It can not be commended too highly. I think no volumes have been published in our day so rich and indispensable to students of missions. To *missionary societies*, when ordered in quantities of not fewer than twenty-five copies, at \$1.50 per copy of two volumes 8vo, over 600 pp. each, carriage paid. In single copies or small quantities at \$2.00, free by post or express or through local book-sellers. To be supplied by *the trade* and book-sellers at the latter price (\$2.00) for ready money, and without payment of delivery. Orders from societies and the trade to be addressed to Fleming H. Revell, 12 Bible House, Astor Place, New York, or 148 and 150 Madison Street, Chicago." . . .

Mrs. M. M. Brewster is interesting audiences with her lectures upon the London Conference and other matters that came to her notice while abroad. The *Pawtuxet Valley Gleaner* says of her lecture at Apponaug:—

"Mrs. M. M. Brewster of Providence, recently from New York, gave an interesting address at the Central Baptist church last Sunday evening, on the World's Conference of Foreign Missions held in London last June. Mrs. Brewster was a delegate to this convention, and afterwards made a tour in Europe. Her account of the Conference was very interesting, and she described with much vividness many of its prominent features. Mrs. Brewster is a fine speaker, and is well versed in missionary work. The church was unusually filled, and the large congregation would be pleased to meet Mrs. Brewster again." . . .

Mrs. Josephine Hooper, who has been Miss Anthony's efficient helper in the Bureau of Intelligence has resigned the position. We are sorry to lose Mrs. Hooper's assistance, but, if it must be, we are glad to welcome Mrs. Ida Durgin Stillman to the position. Miss Anthony proposes, in order to meet the

growing demands upon the Bureau, a re-division of labor. She says :—

“ Under this re-division, I retain all dialogues and exercises with costumes. Mrs. Stillman has all missionary exercises without costumes. For all dialogues and exercises with costumes, address Miss Kate J. Anthony, 40 Summer St., Providence, R. I. For all exercises without costumes, dialogues, poems, essays, etc., address Mrs. L. B. Stillman, 40 Wood St., Providence, R. I.”

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## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

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SUBSCRIBERS who have not already done so, will please consult the “mailer's tag,” and act according to its story. The date there given indicates at what time your subscription expires. Please renew promptly, and when renewing secure some new name to forward with your own. Our list does not number what it ought, and not what we hope it will during '89. Let special effort be made to secure each member of our Auxiliary as a reader of the HELPER.

Free Baptist women must prove loyal to their own publication, and lend it their support to insure its largest success.

When sending the names of new subscribers always state that they are *new*, and give full post-office address, and whether Mrs. or Miss. Attention to these details on the part of correspondents greatly helps in the accuracy of mailing the magazine.

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OPPORTUNITY has hair in front, behind she is bald ; if you seize her by the forelock you may hold her, but, if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again.—*From the Latin.*



## CONTRIBUTIONS.

## F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

*Receipts for November, 1888.*

## MAINE.

Acton and Milton Mills aux., one-half each, H. and F. M.....	\$5 00
Biddeford auxiliary.....	7 54
Brunswick auxiliary, for F. M.	10 00
Cumberland Q. M. collection...	4 11
East Dixfield auxiliary.....	3 56
East Raymond, Mrs. G.W. Foss	1 25
Ellsworth Q. M. auxiliary, for Carrie with Mrs. Burkholder	6 25
Exeter Q. M.....	10 00
Limerick, H. T. Libby.....	50
Litchfield Plains auxiliary, for Tipperi on L. M. of Mrs. Eliza R. Lapham.....	12 00
New Portland auxiliary, 1st church, for F. M.....	3 00
Portland, Dolly Deering birthday offering.....	50
Saco auxiliary, for work at Chandbali.....	11 00
S. Windham, Mrs. N. P. Phinney	1 00
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Ashland Young People's Soc., for school at Midnapore....	6 25
Center Sandwich auxiliary, for salaries of Mrs. Lightner and Miss Butts.....	10 00
Center Sandwich, Young People's Soc., for Bible Teacher with Miss Hooper.....	6 13
Franklin Falls auxiliary.....	8 00
Gilford Village auxiliary, one-half each, Mrs. Lightner and Miss Butts.....	6 00
Holderness church, one-half each, Mrs. Lightner and Miss Butts.....	2 00
New Hampton auxiliary, for Mrs. Lightner.....	2 75
New Hampton, Young People's Soc., for New Hampton school at Midnapore.....	6 50
Rochester auxiliary, for Miss Butts's salary.....	5 00
Sandwich Q. M. collection.....	4 50
Walnut Grove auxiliary.....	4 25
W. Campton, Mrs. M. A. Jones.	1 00
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Blackstone aux., Miss H. Phillips, \$1.25; Storer College, \$2.50; West Work, \$3.75...	7 50
Blackstone "Busy Bees," Miss I. Phillips, \$1.25; Storer College, \$1.25.....	2 50
Blackstone People's Soc., Miss H. Phillips, \$1.25; Storer College, \$1.25.....	2 50
Blackstone, Miss Ella F. Paine, Miss Hattie Phillips, \$2.50; Storer College, \$2.50.....	5 00

Lowell auxiliary, for Sumatti Rai with Miss Coombs, bal. of present year.....	\$18 75
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## RHODE ISLAND.

Block Island, Children's Miss Band.....	4 00
Carolina auxiliary (special), Storer College.....	2 00
Pascoag aux. Miss H. Phillips	15 00
Providence auxiliary, Greenville St., Miss H. Phillips..	10 00
Providence auxiliary, Park St., Miss H. Phillips.....	7 50
Pawtucket Y. P. Golden Links West Work, \$5.00; Rag. School, \$5.00.....	10 00

## NEW YORK.

Poland auxiliary, for Ambie's School on L. M., Mrs. H. V. Sprague.....	7 50
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## MICHIGAN.

Elsie auxiliary, for Miss Coombs's salary.....	15 00
Gobleville auxiliary, one-half each, Miss Coombs's salary and Harper's Ferry.....	16 18
Holton and White River Q. M. auxiliary.....	6 50
Pokagon and Summerville auxiliary, dues, \$7.75; thank offering, \$2.25; one-half each, H. and F. M.....	10 00
Van Buren Q. M. aux., F. M.	5 26

## IOWA.

Lincoln, Orchard aux., for F. M.	13 55
Spencer, children of S. S.....	1 60
Waterloo Q. M. auxiliary, one-half each, H. and F. M.....	8 18

## MINNESOTA.

Hennepin Q. M., State work...	5 00
Pickwick auxiliary, for F. M...	3 50
Wykoff auxiliary, for F. M.....	2 00

## KANSAS.

Oronoque, Hopewell, Miss So., for F. M.....	3 65
Oronoque, Mrs. N. Hill.....	35

## DAKOTA.

Sioux Falls, Miss E. L. Darling, for Lucy with Miss Coombs	12 50
Sioux Falls, Mrs. A. J. Rowland, for work at Chandbali	6 25

## PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Compton aux., Mrs. Smith's sal.	3 75
Stanstead Q. M. auxiliary, for Mrs. Smith's salary.....	3 38

Total..... \$347 29

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.

Dover, N. H.



